GOLD KEY

10197-708
AUGUST

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

12¢

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.*

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

*UNITED NETWORK COMMAND FOR LAW AND ENFORCEMENT

When a THRUSH nobleman captures April and Mark, they keep their cool—in the dungeon!

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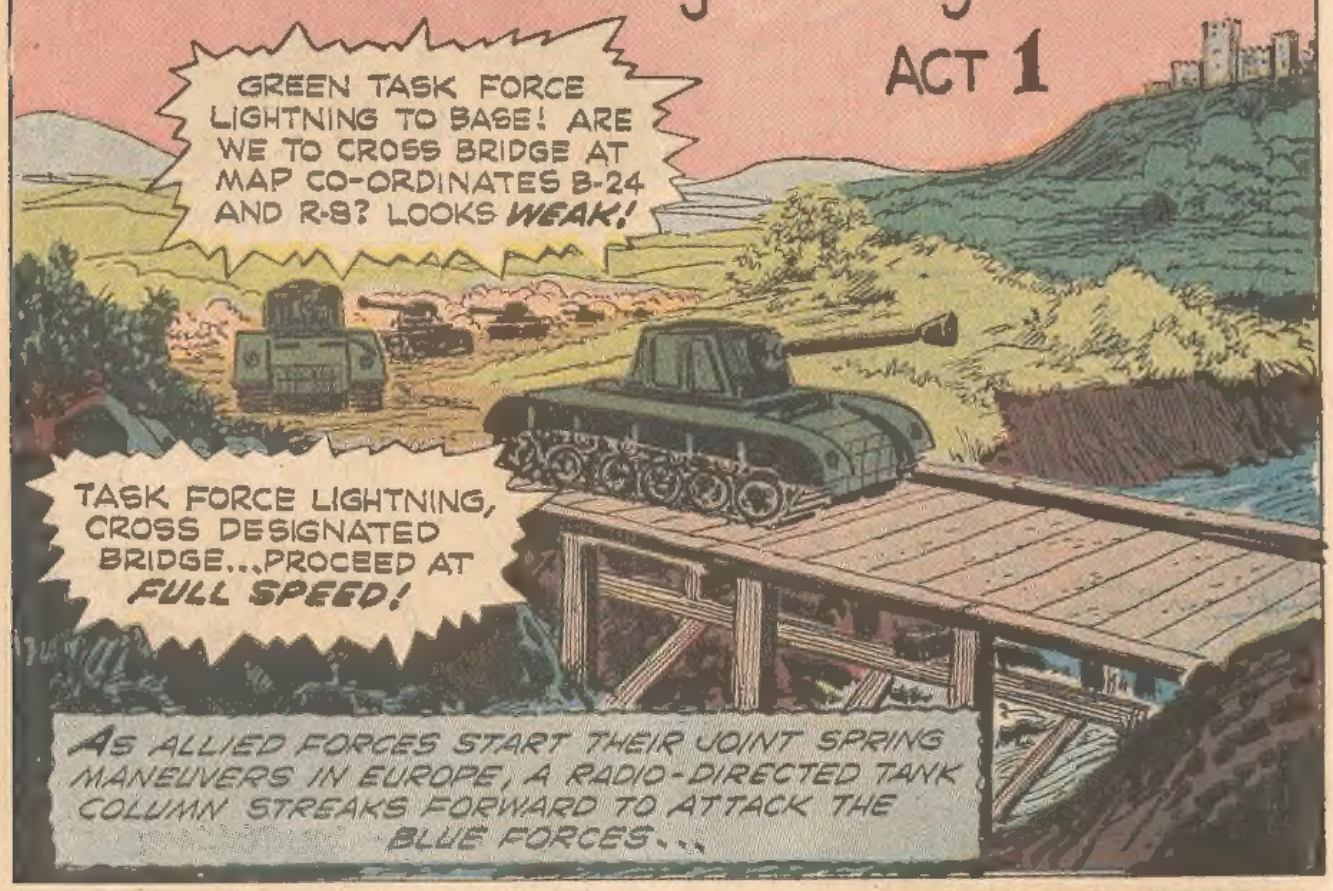
THE GIRL
FROM U.N.C.L.E.
IN TROUBLE AGAIN!

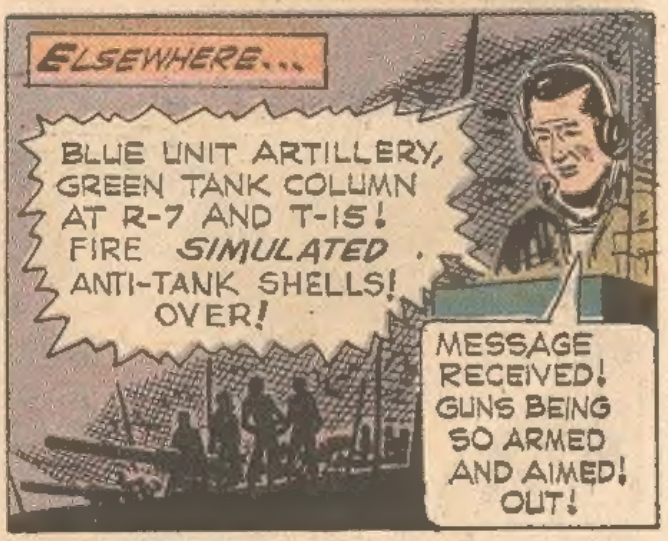
THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

The ONE-WAY TOURIST AFFAIR

the mis-guided guide

ACT 1





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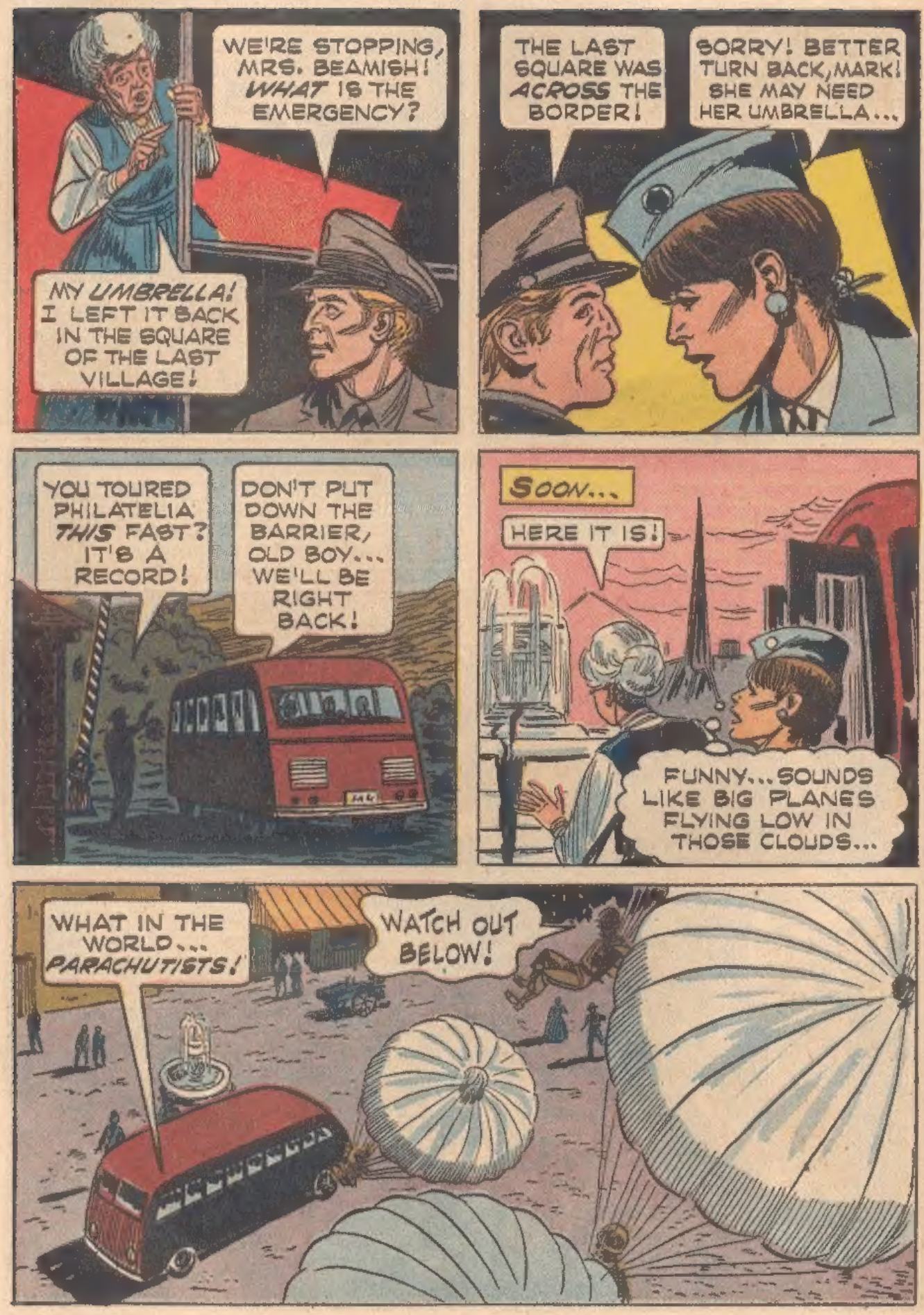
NEARBY...
WE SHOULD BE GETTING REPORTS OF THE GREEN TANK COLUMN AND THE BLUE FORCE REPLY TO THE THRUST!
RADIOED REPORTS ARE SUFFICIENT, I SUPPOSE, BUT IT DOES MAKE ONE FEEL OUT OF CONTACT WITH THE "BATTLE"!
LOOK! WE'RE BEING SHELLED!
THUMP!
THUD!
WHAT IDIOTS ARE DOING THIS? FIND COVER!
PWOOOMPH!
SMOKE BOMBS!
M-MY EYES...
CAN'T (SOB!) BREATHE...
LATER, AT UNCLE HEADQUARTERS...
FROM THE REPORTS ON THE ALLIED MANEUVERS, YOU MIGHT CONCLUDE THAT THINGS AREN'T GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN!
YES, MR. WAVERLY, BUT HOW DOES UNCLE FIT IN?

RADIO JAMMING AND COUNTERFEIT ORDERS ARE TURNING SERIOUS MILITARY MANEUVERS INTO A FARCE! MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HAS RULED OUT ALL HOSTILE POWERS AS THE SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE!
WHICH LEAVES ONE POSSIBILITY... THRUSH! AND TO DEAL WITH THRUSH, THEY HAVE REQUESTED THAT WE HERE AT UNCLE CHECK INTO THE RADIO INTERFERENCE!
HOW DO MARK AND I DO THAT? WHERE DO WE START?
I CAN ANSWER THAT, MISS DANCER! OUR COMPUTERS HAVE JUST CHECKED OUT ALL THE INTERFERENCE FREQUENCY DIRECTIONAL BEAMS AND LOCALIZED THE SENDING SOURCE AT...
MR. KOVACS, I BELIEVE I AM STILL IN CHARGE! ALL MAJOR REVELATIONS WILL BE MADE BY ME!
HMM... QUITE A THOROUGH CORRELATION, EVEN FOR A COMPUTER! IF OUR ELECTRONIC BRAIN IS CORRECT, THE GENERAL SENDING SOURCE IS LOCATED...
...IN THE PRINCIPALITY OF PHILATELIA! THIS RIDICULOUSLY TINY, FORTY-6QUARE-MILE NATION IS LANDLOCKED BETWEEN SEVERAL EUROPEAN NATIONS! ITS PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES ARE STAMPS AND TOURISM ...AND NOW, EXPORTING THRUSH RADIO SIGNALS!
PHILATELIA

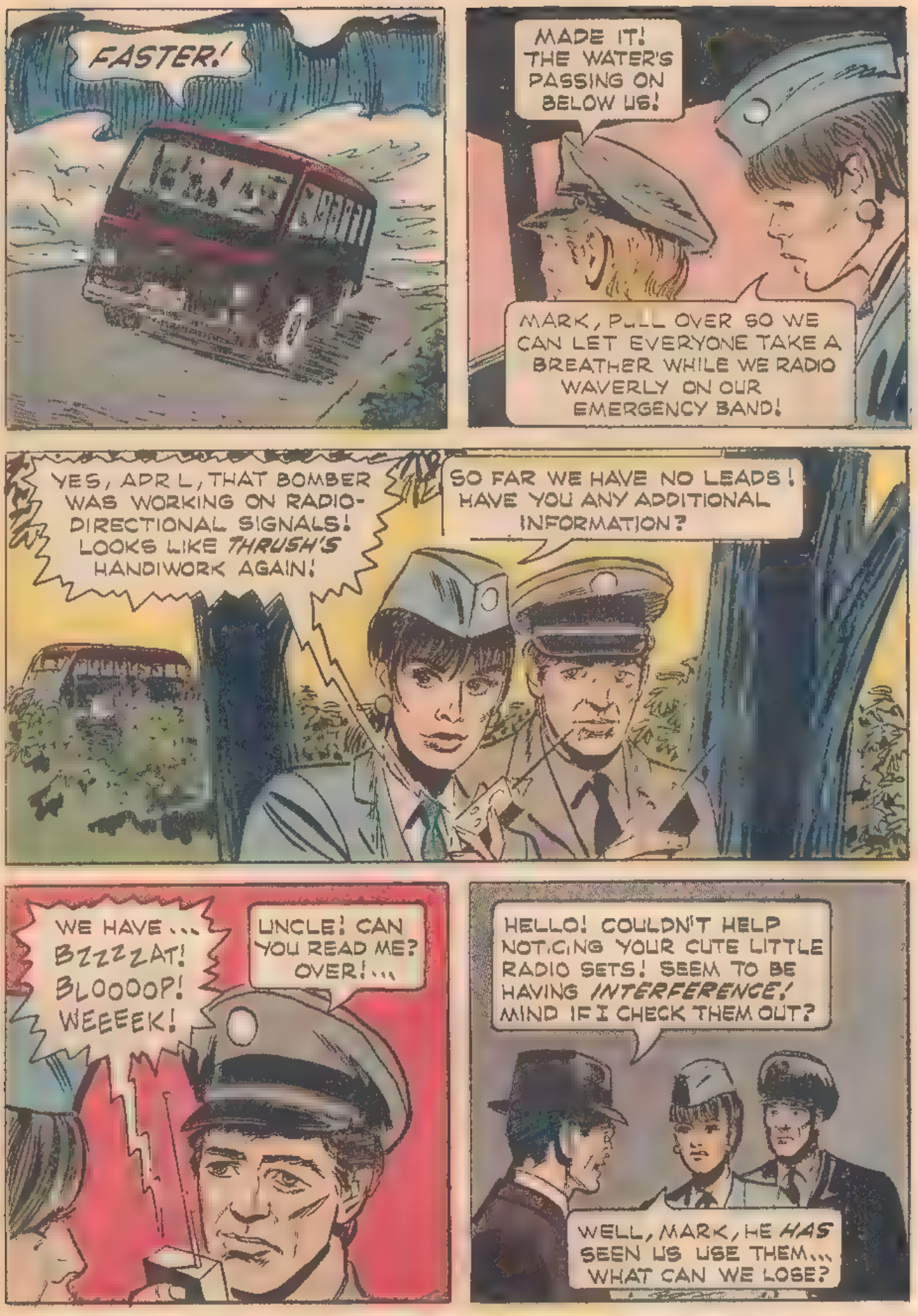
YOU WILL LEAVE TOMORROW! WE WILL COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS! THE OBVIOUS COVER IS FOR APRIL TO GO AS A TOUR GUIDE AND MARK AS THE TOUR BUS DRIVER!
WHAT ABOUT THE TOURISTS?
TOUR BUSES ARE CONSTANTLY ROLLING THROUGH THE PRINCIPALITY! YOU WILL TAKE OVER ONE COMPLETE WITH TOURISTS... AND A POSSIBLE THRUSH COUNTER-AGENT!
THAT NIGHT...
IF I'M GOING TO CRAM ENOUGH FACTS ABOUT PHILATELIA INTO MY HEAD OVERNIGHT TO GIVE LECTURES, I'D BETTER HOPE UNCLE'S LATEST SLEEP-O-FACT PHONE WORKS!
AND AS APRIL DANCER SLEEPS...
FOUNDED IN 1796, BY LUDWIG THE LUDICROUS, PHILATELIA IS ONE OF EUROPE'S OLDEST, CONTINUOUSLY GOVERNED COUNTRIES! LUDWIG WAS GRANTED THE TINY DOMAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE TO ISOLATE HIM FROM THE REST OF EUROPE'S ROYALTY...
NEXT MORNING, AS APRIL LEAVES THE PHILATELIA CONSULATE WITH HER VISA, SUDDENLY...
LADY! LOOK OUT!!
10-43

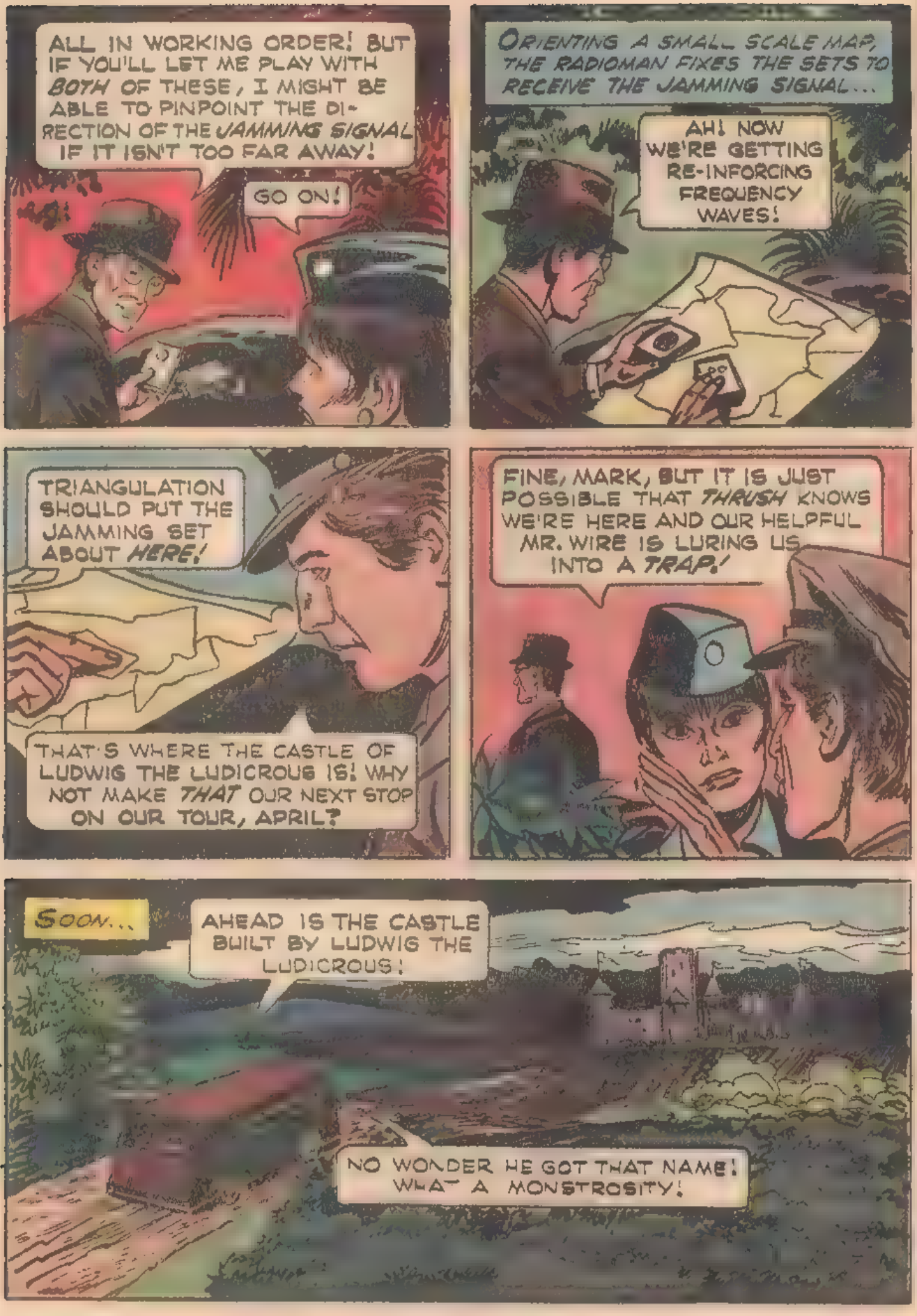
INSTINCTIVELY, HER VAULTING TRAINING MAKES HER REACT WITH STARTLING SPEED...
GOSH, LADY, YOU SURE ARE LUCKY! DIDN'T THAT NUT SEE YOU?
MAYBE HE DID AND THAT'S WHY HE CAME AT ME! THRUSH COULD ALREADY HAVE BEEN ALERTED TO OUR COMING TRIP TO PHILATELIA!
TWO DAYS LATER, AS A BUS TRUNDLES ACROSS PHILATELIA'S BORDER...
YOU ARE ENTERING PHILATELIA! IT IS FORTY-ONE SQUARE MILES AND HAS A POPULATION OF 96,750 PEOPLE... WITHOUT COUNTING US TOURISTS!
FOUNDED IN 1796 BY LUDWIG, THE...
STOP THE BUS AT ONCE! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!


WE'RE STOPPING, MRS. BEAMISH! WHAT IS THE EMERGENCY?
MY UMBRELLA! I LEFT IT BACK IN THE SQUARE OF THE LAST VILLAGE!
THE LAST SQUARE WAS ACROSS THE BORDER!
SORRY! BETTER TURN BACK, MARK! SHE MAY NEED HER UMBRELLA...
YOU TOURED PHILATELIA THIS FAST? IT'S A RECORD!
DON'T PUT DOWN THE BARRIER, OLD BOY... WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
SOON...
HERE IT IS!
FUNNY...SOUNDS LIKE BIG PLANES FLYING LOW IN THOSE CLOUDS...
WHAT IN THE WORLD... PARACHUTISTS!
WATCH OUT BELOW!

SPLASH!
REALLY, MISS DANCER, YOU HAVE GIVEN US AN UNEXPECTED TREAT!
IMPOSSIBLE! ACCORDING TO THE RADIO DIRECTIONAL BEAM, WE ARE OVER A CLEAR FARM FIELD! WE COULDN'T SEE WHAT WAS BELOW THE CLOUDS...
BUT THIS RADIO-DIRECTIONAL-RADAR-LOCK BEAM FLASHED ON AND THAT MEANT WE WERE OVER THE FIELD! SOME FIELD!
EXCUSE ME, MAJOR, COULD I SEE THAT LITTLE GADGET?
WHY, WHO ARE YOU?
I'M WILLY WIRE, RADIO AND TV REPAIR SHOP OWNER! I'LL TELL YOU PRONTO IF THAT BEAM-BOX WAS WORKING OR NOT!
MAJOR, THIS GADGET WAS IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER! SOMEONE OUT THERE FOULED UP THE SIGNAL! THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION!
AND THAT SOMEONE MUST HAVE BEEN THRUSH!

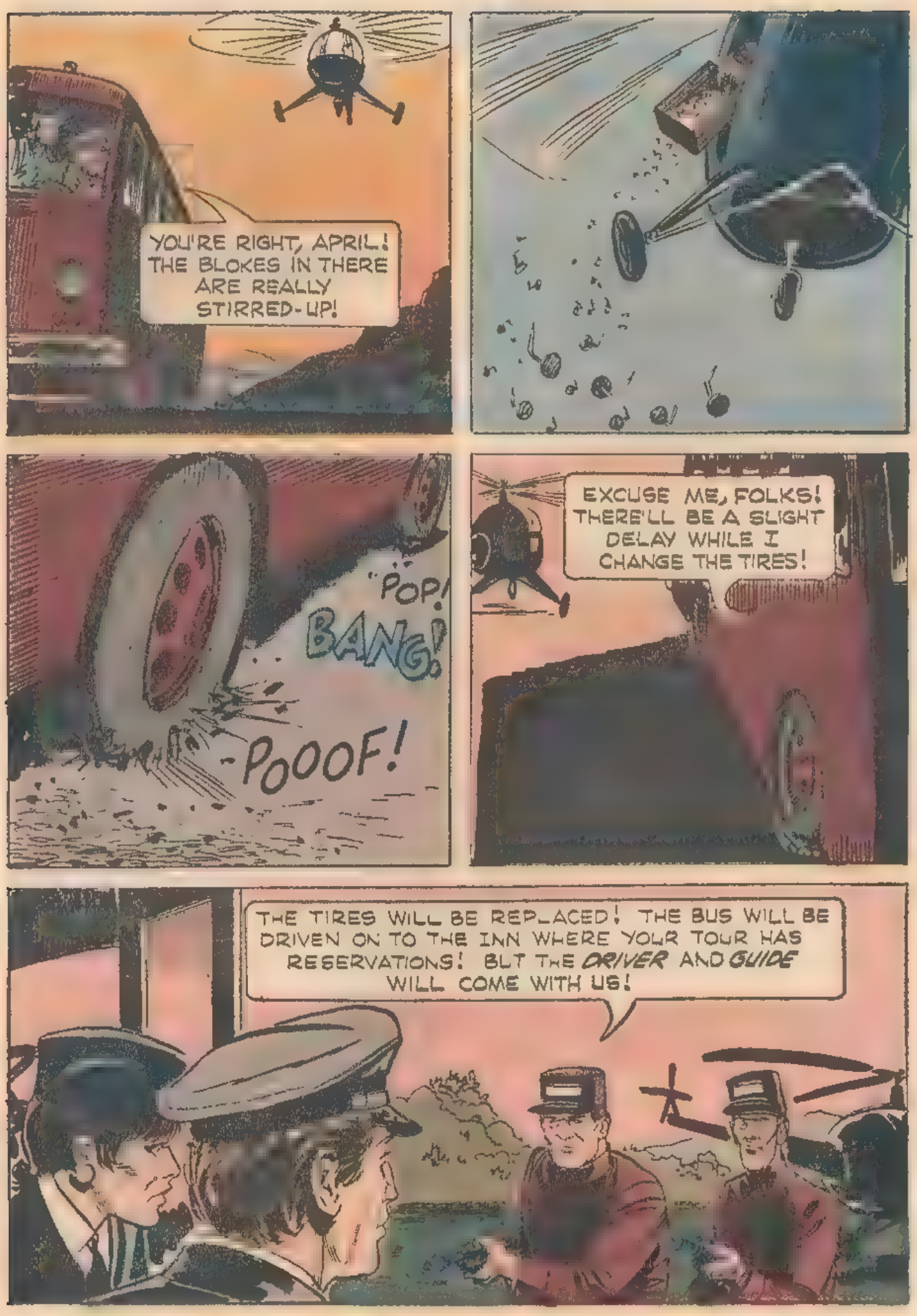
ONCE MORE THEY CROSS THE BORDER...
THE MAIN INDUSTRIES OF PHILATELIA ARE MANUFACTURING POSTAGE STAMPS AND...TOURISM! ANNUALLY, SOME FORTY NEW STAMPS ARE ISSUED...
APRIL! LOOK! THAT BOMBER'S MAKING A RUN FOR THE DAM!
BWOOM!
W-WE'LL ALL BE DROWNED!
HOLD ON! I'M PUSHING THE PETROL PEDAL DOWN TO THE FLOOR!
MARK, THERE'S A SOLID WALL OF WATER HEADING FOR US!
GOING AS FAST AS I CAN, APRIL, HOLD TIGHT AND PRAY...

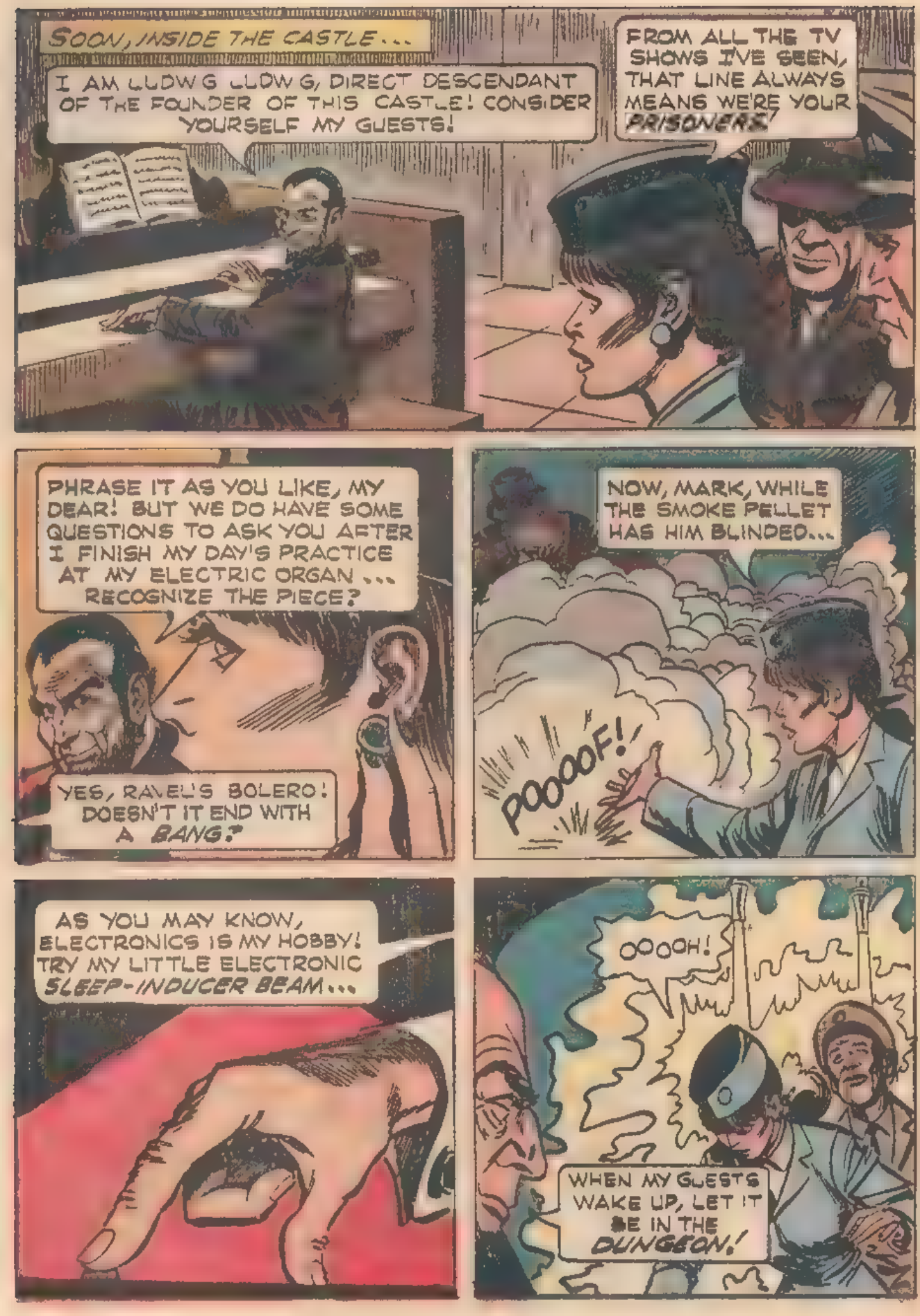

FASTER!
MADE IT! THE WATER'S PASSING ON BELOW US!
MARK, PULL OVER SO WE CAN LET EVERYONE TAKE A BREATHER WHILE WE RADIO WAVERLY ON OUR EMERGENCY BAND!
YES, APRIL, THAT BOMBER WAS WORKING ON RADIO-DIRECTIONAL SIGNALS! LOOKS LIKE THRUSH'S HANDIWORK AGAIN!
SO FAR WE HAVE NO LEADS! HAVE YOU ANY ADDITIONAL INFORMATION?
WE HAVE... BZZZZAT! BLOOOOP! WEEEEK!
UNCLE! CAN YOU READ ME? OVER!...
HELLO! COULDN'T HELP NOTICING YOUR CUTE LITTLE RADIO SETS! SEEM TO BE HAVING INTERFERENCE! MIND IF I CHECK THEM OUT?
WELL, MARK, HE HAS SEEN US USE THEM... WHAT CAN WE LOSE?


ALL IN WORKING ORDER! BUT IF YOU'LL LET ME PLAY WITH BOTH OF THESE, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PINPOINT THE DIRECTION OF THE JAMMING SIGNAL IF IT ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY!
GO ON!
ORIENTING A SMALL SCALE MAP, THE RADIOMAN FIXES THE SETS TO RECEIVE THE JAMMING SIGNAL...
AH! NOW WE'RE GETTING RE-INFORCING FREQUENCY WAVES!
TRIANGULATION SHOULD PUT THE JAMMING SET ABOUT HERE!
THAT'S WHERE THE CASTLE OF LUDWIG THE LUDICROUS IS! WHY NOT MAKE THAT OUR NEXT STOP ON OUR TOUR, APRIL?
FINE, MARK, BUT IT IS JUST POSSIBLE THAT THRUSH KNOWS WE'RE HERE AND OUR HELPFUL MR. WIRE IS LURING US INTO A TRAP!
SOON...
AHEAD IS THE CASTLE BUILT BY LUDWIG THE LUDICROUS!
NO WONDER HE GOT THAT NAME! WHAT A MONSTROSITY!

SOON...
LUDWIG MADE THIS GROTTO BEDROOM HIS PRIVATE RETREAT! THE SWAN WAS HIS FAVORITE BIRD!
THE PRESENT OWNER OF THE CASTLE, LUDWIG LUDWIG, ENJOYS A HOBBY OF ELECTRONICS AND INSTALLED THIS MUSICAL, COLORED FALLS.
A ROOM AWAY...
YOU THERE! COME AWAY!
OH, HE'S A MEMBER OF OUR TOUR.
HE WAS SNEAKING AROUND THE CASTLE. HE MUST BE TAKEN TO INTERROGATION!

INTERROGATION MY FOOT! NO LOCAL GESTAPO IS BOTHERING AN AMERICAN CITIZEN LIKE MR. WIRE! LET HIM GO!
STOP! YOU WILL ALL BE PLACED UNDER ARREST!
MARK, WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY DELAY IN SOME LOCAL DUNGEON!
COME ALONG...
SORRY! I'M NOT COMING...
YOU'RE GOING!
OWW!
H-HEY!
QUICKLY, THE TOURISTS RUSH BACK TO THEIR BUS...
MADE IT!
I'M NOT SO SURE, MARK! THE CASTLE LOOKS ANCIENT, BUT IT COMES EQUIPPED WITH AN UP-TO-DATE HELICOPTER!


YOU'RE RIGHT, APRIL! THE BLOKES IN THERE ARE REALLY STIRRED-UP!
POP!
BANG!
POOOF!
EXCUSE ME, FOLKS! THERE'LL BE A SLIGHT DELAY WHILE I CHANGE THE TIRES!
THE TIRES WILL BE REPLACED! THE BUS WILL BE DRIVEN ON TO THE INN WHERE YOUR TOUR HAS RESERVATIONS! BUT THE DRIVER AND GUIDE WILL COME WITH US!


SOON, INSIDE THE CASTLE...
I AM LUDWIG LUDWIG, DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE FOUNDER OF THIS CASTLE! CONSIDER YOURSELF MY GUESTS!
FROM ALL THE TV SHOWS I'VE SEEN, THAT LINE ALWAYS MEANS WE'RE YOUR PRISONERS!
PHRASE IT AS YOU LIKE, MY DEAR! BUT WE DO HAVE SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU AFTER I FINISH MY DAY'S PRACTICE AT MY ELECTRIC ORGAN ... RECOGNIZE THE PIECE?
YES, RAVEL'S BOLERO! DOESN'T IT END WITH A BANG?
NOW, MARK, WHILE THE SMOKE PELLET HAS HIM BLINDED...
POOOOF!
AS YOU MAY KNOW, ELECTRONICS IS MY HOBBY! TRY MY LITTLE ELECTRONIC SLEEP-INDUCER BEAM...
OOOOH!
WHEN MY GUESTS WAKE UP, LET IT BE IN THE DUNGEON!

MINI-COMICS

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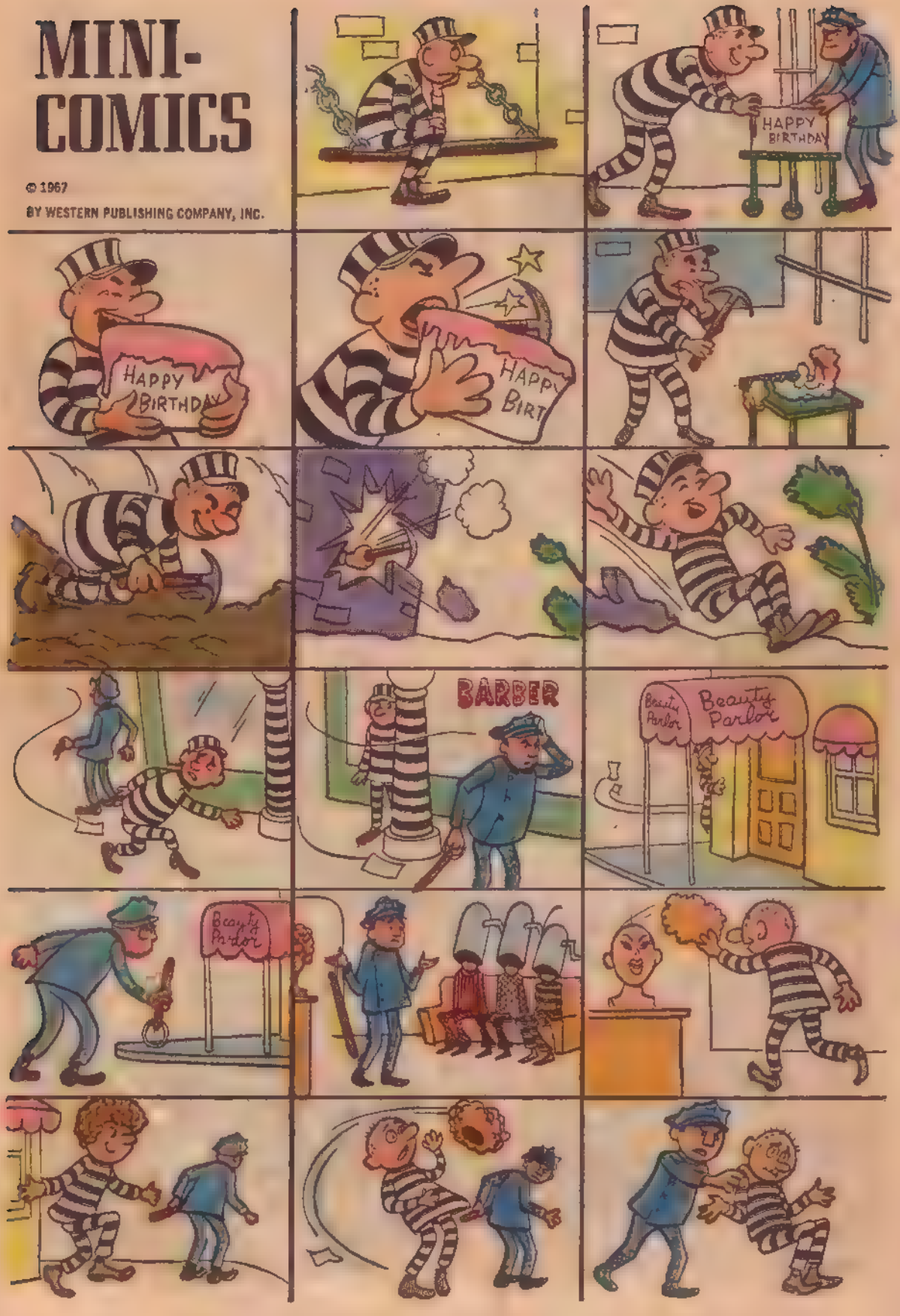

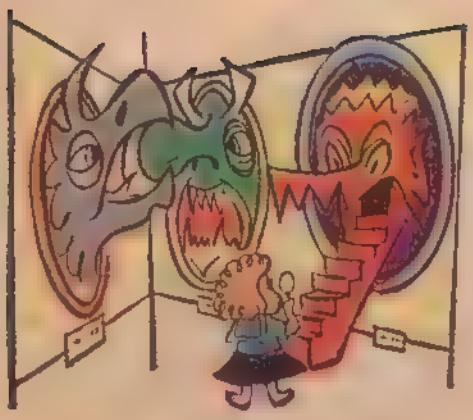

MONSTER MUSEUM

Our Monster Museum is a pretty busy place these days, what with *one monster after another* claiming recognition and trying to outscare each other. We hope you enjoy this collection.

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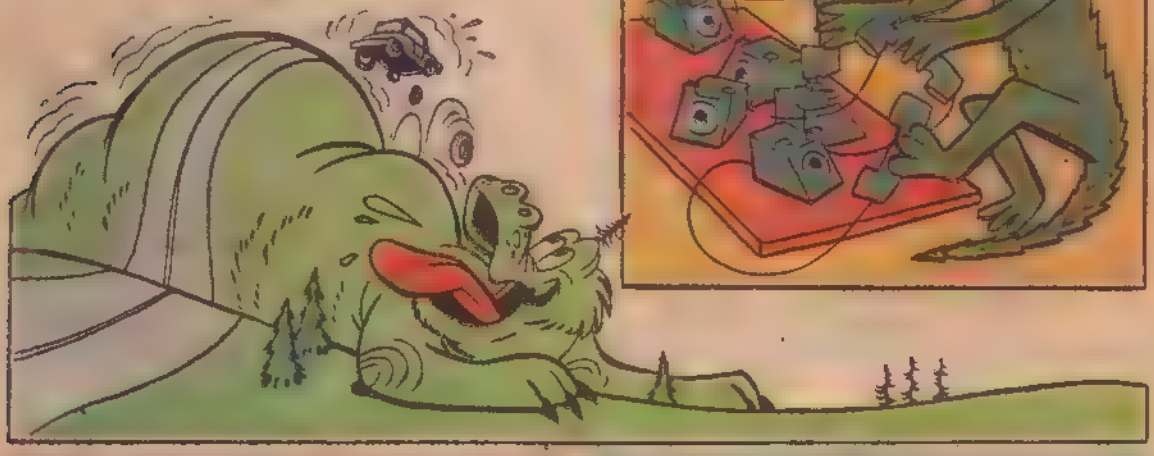
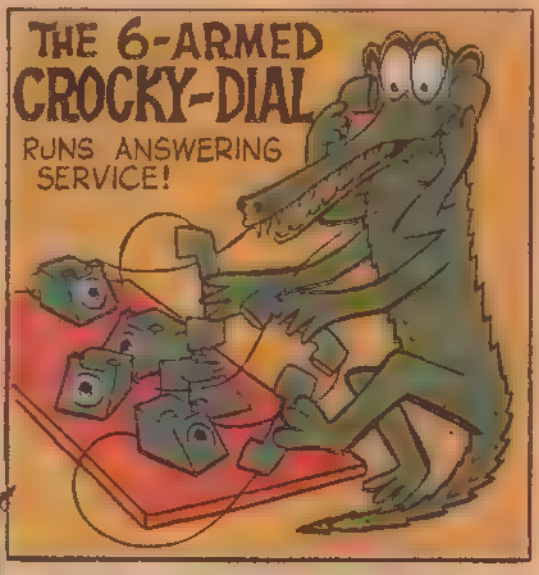
THE MOUNTAIN MONSTER

TRICKS MOTORISTS INTO DRIVING UP ITS ROAD-LIKE STRIPE, THEN QUAKES THE TIRES RIGHT OFF THEIR CARS AND INTO ITS MOUTH!



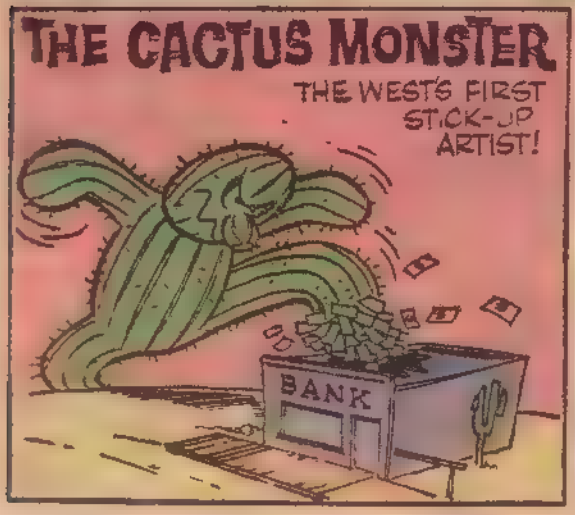
THE 6-ARMED CROCKY-DIAL

RUNS ANSWERING SERVICE!



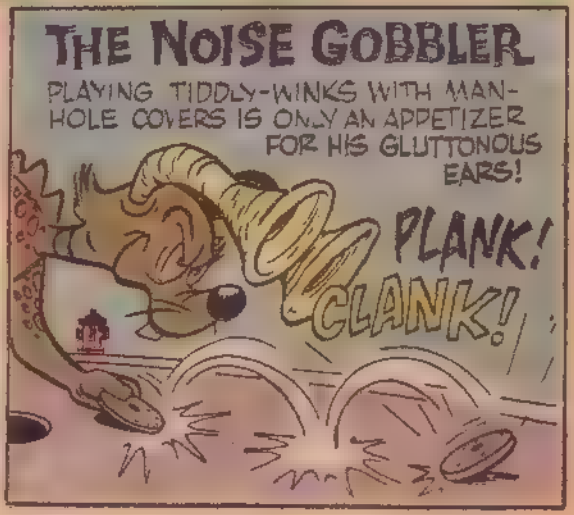
THE CACTUS MONSTER

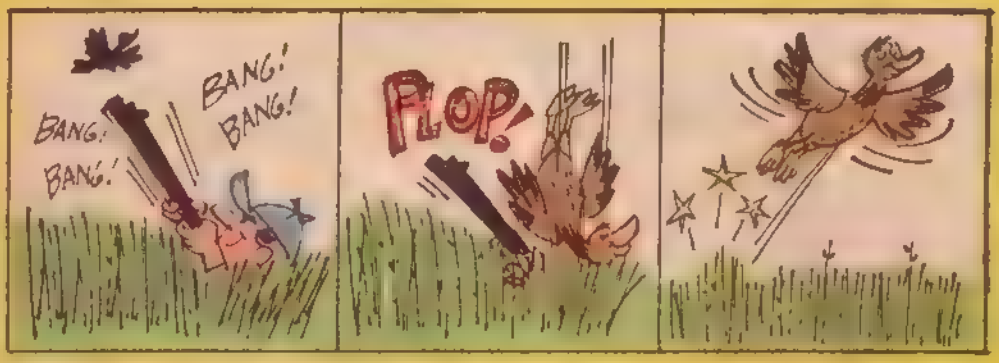
THE WEST'S FIRST STICK-UP ARTIST!



THE NOISE GOBBLER

PLAYING TIDDLY-WINKS WITH MANHOLE COVERS IS ONLY AN APPETIZER FOR HIS GLUTTONOUS EARS!





QUICK TAKES

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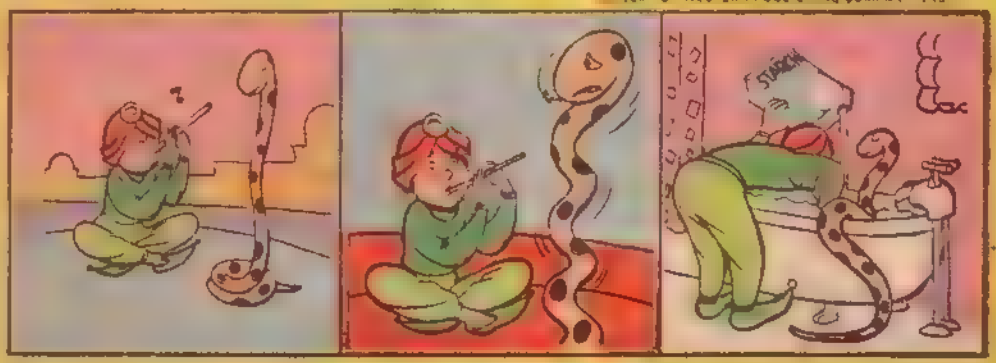
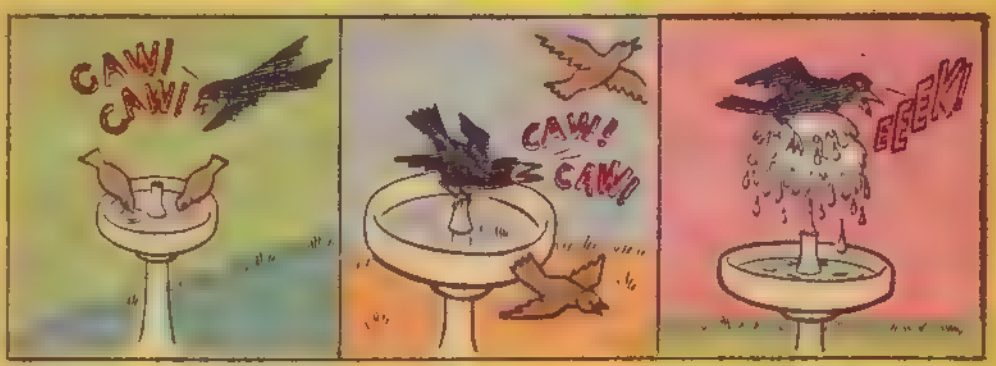
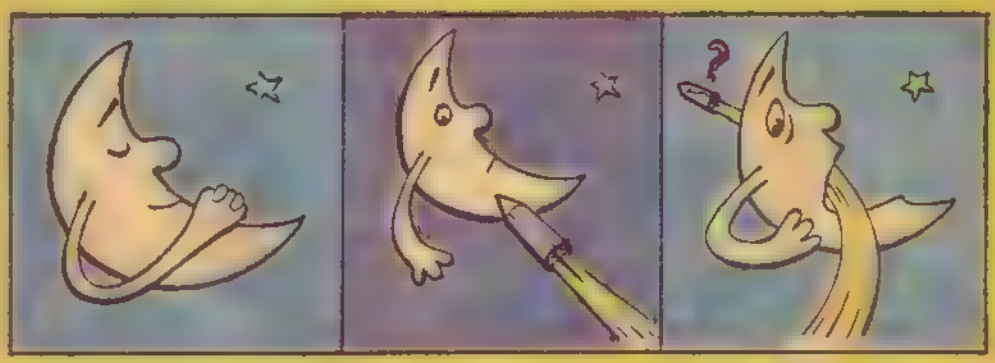
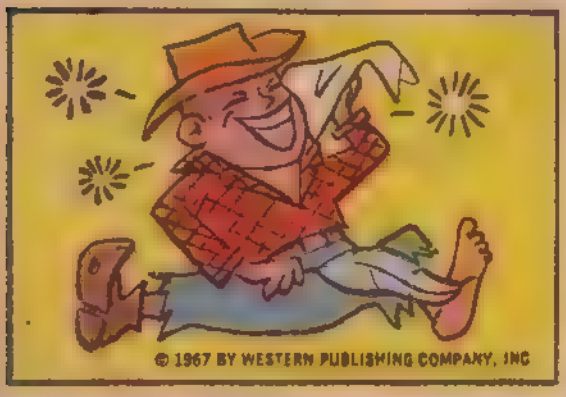






Jest for Fun



Dan: Why did the boy go to the lamp shop to eat his lunch?
Fan: Because he wanted a light snack!
Wayne Privett—Ada, Okla.

Riddle: How is the letter "A" like the word "noon"?
Answer: Both are in the middle of day!
Bobby Riddle—Chester, Pa.

Jim: I fell over fifty feet today!
Cindy: Where?
Jim: In the bus.
Terri Darity—Macon, Ga.

Brian: Why are you putting that calendar in your piggy bank?
Diane: Because I want to save time!
Michael McGovern—Portland, Maine

Question: What animal is always ready to travel?
Answer: The elephant, it has a trunk.
John Krest—Pittsburgh, Pa.

Man: Here's my ticket, usher.
Usher: How far down do you want to sit?
Man: All the way, I'm very tired!
Kerri Watkins—North Surrey B.C., Canada

Officer: Hey, you! You're crossing the street when the sign says "Don't walk!"
Man: Sorry, Officer! I thought that was an ad for a bus company!
Rick Dreves—Winter Park, Fla.

Tim: I woke up last night with a feeling that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked for it.
Slim: Was it gone?
Tim: No, but it was going!
Doug North—Birmingham, Mich.

Riddle: How is a sweater like a banana peel?
Answer: You slip on both!
Lee Pace—Mammoth Springs, Ark.

Question: What did one candle say to another candle on a birthday cake?
Answer: These birthdays burn me up!
Julianne Sampley—Coco, Fla.

Riddle: What color would you paint the sun and the wind?
Answer: The sun rose and the wind blue.
Peter Bagg—Dallas, Texas

Mother: Don't pull the cat's tail, Honey!
Honey: I'm not! I'm just holding on, the cat is doing the pulling!
Debra Barney—Meeker, Colo.

Sign in a drugstore:
TEEN-AGE SPOKEN HERE!
Julian Oratwa—Cleveland, Ohio

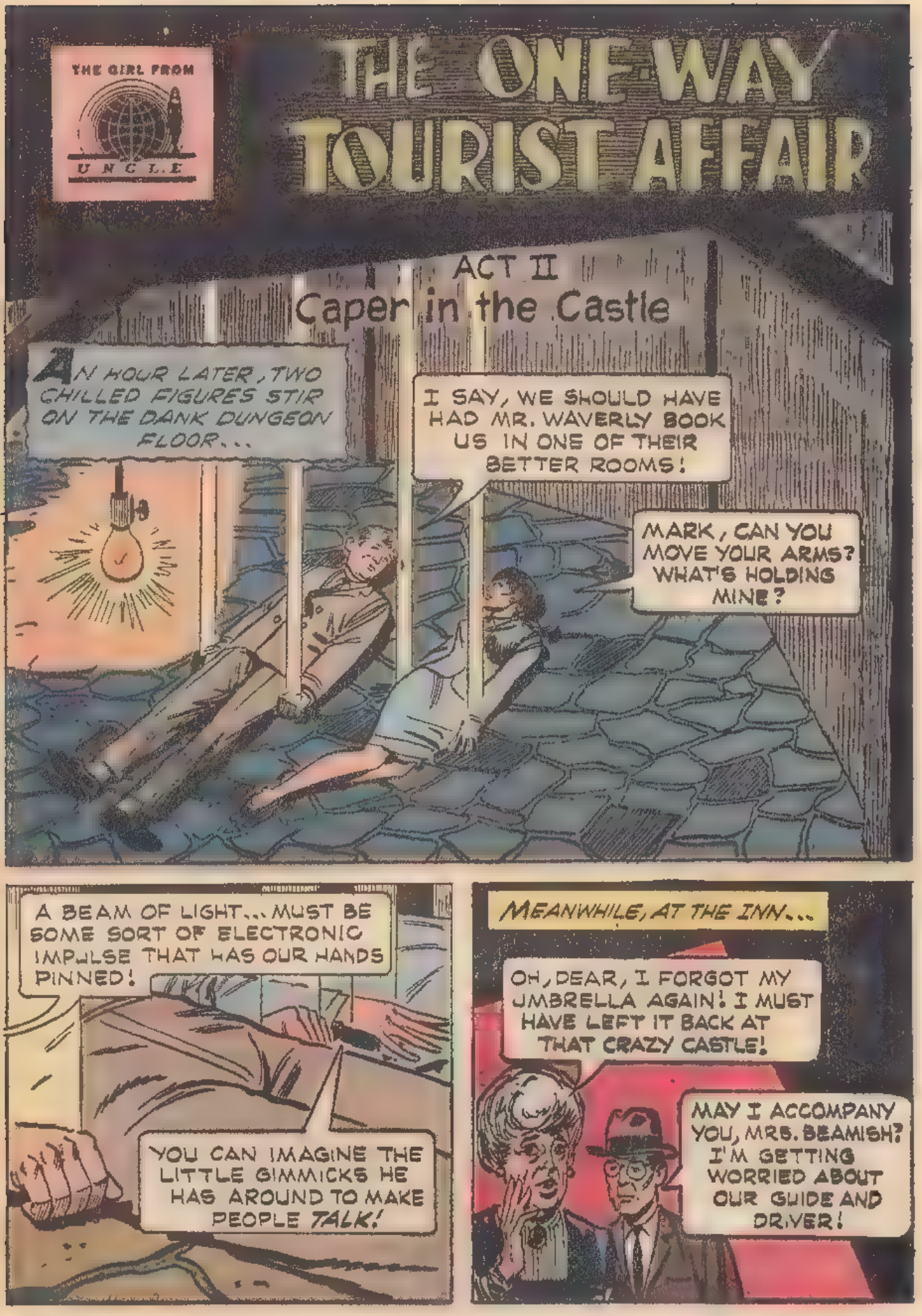
Father: How do you like school?
Junior: Closed!
Julian Oratwa—Cleveland, Ohio

Riddle: Why can't your hand be twelve inches long?
Answer: Because then it would be a foot!
Jennifer Blackman—Hanford, Calif.

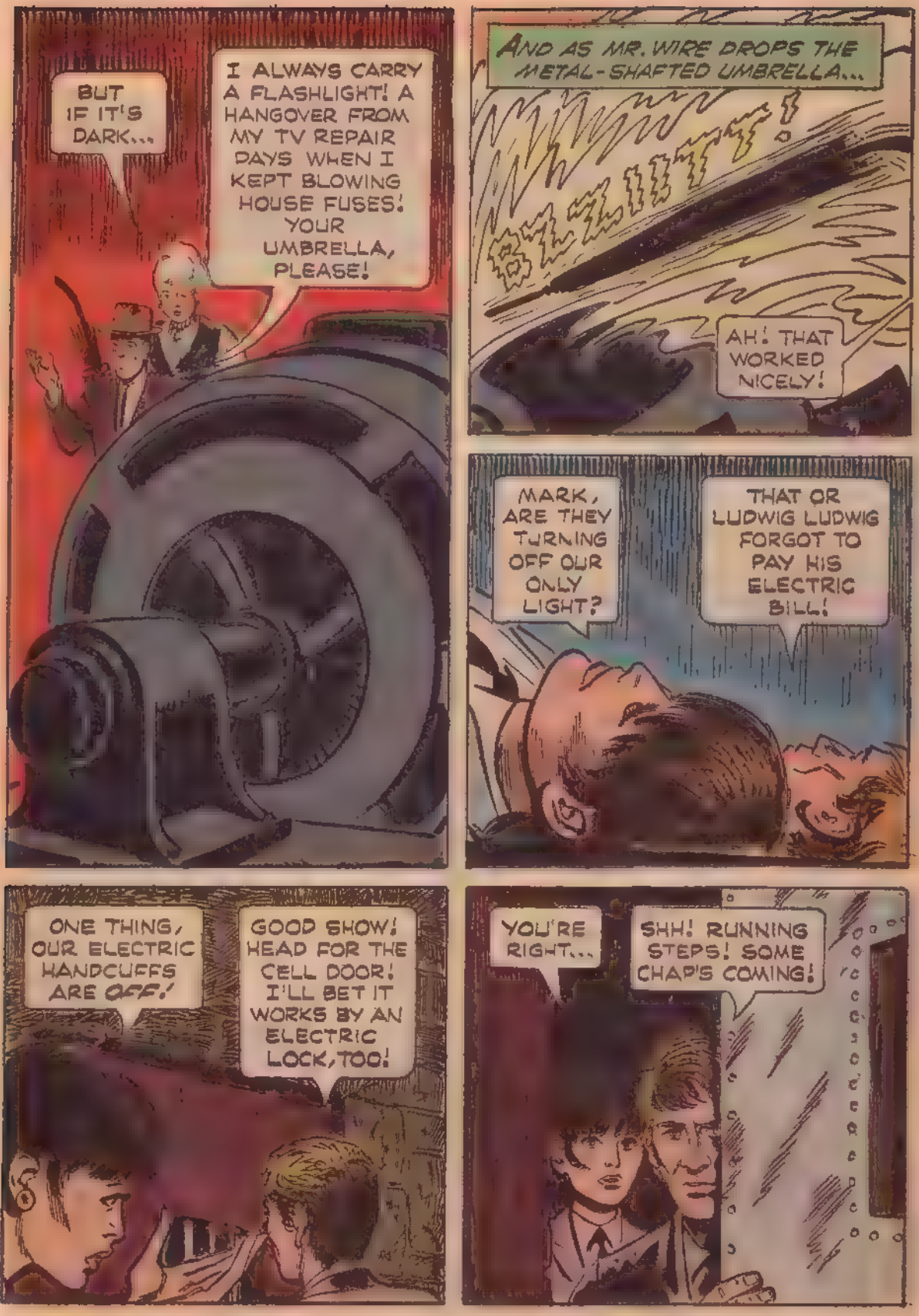
Mary: Why do they use knots instead of miles on the ocean?
Maggie: They have to keep the ocean tied.
Wendell Maciesewski—Jewett City, Conn.

Riddle: Why did the rocket lose its job?
Answer: It was fired!
The Stagers—Fort Smith, Ark.

Mike: What is worse than raining cats and dogs?
Steve: Hailing street cars and buses!
Debra Barney—Meeker, Colo.

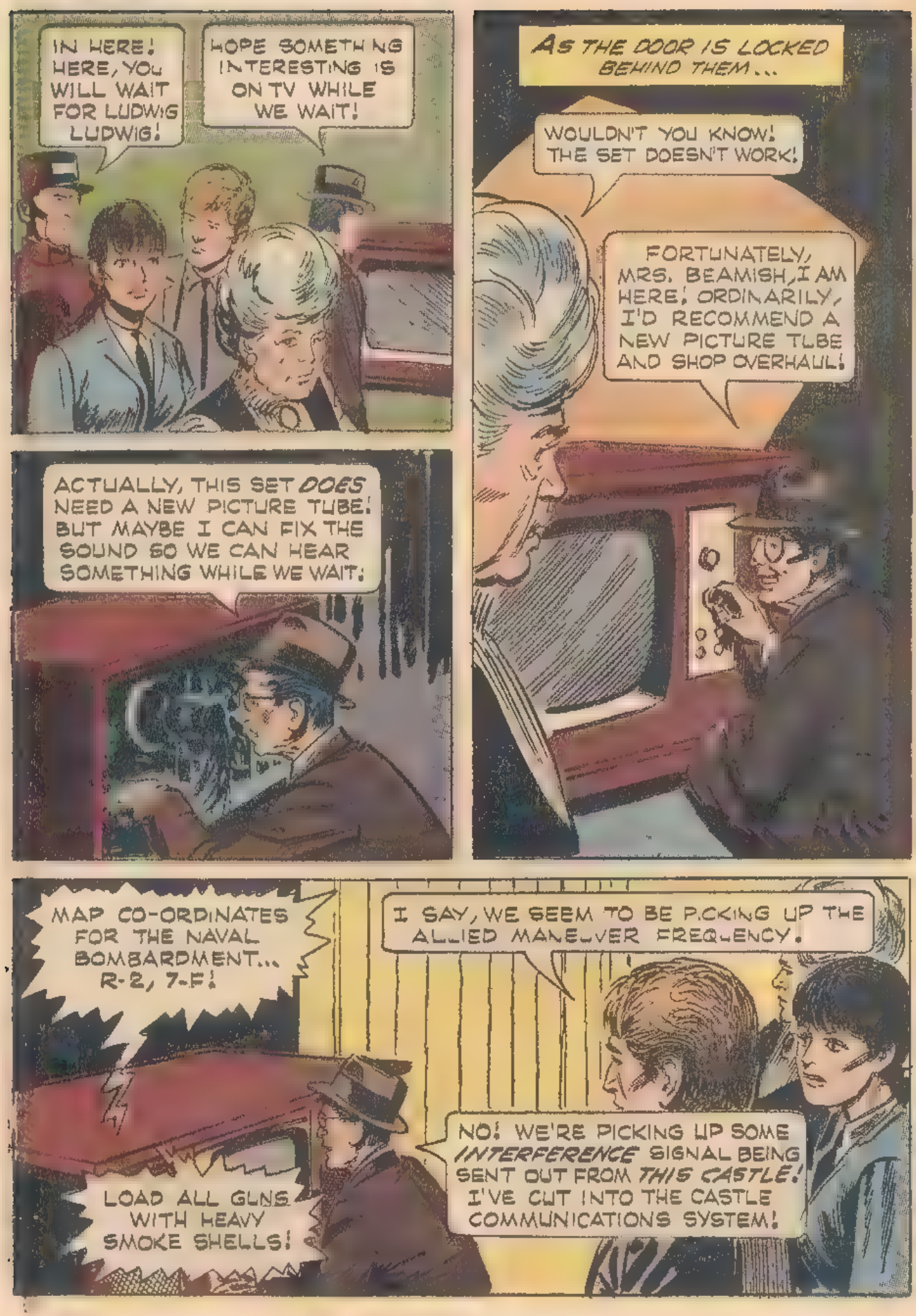

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.
THE ONE-WAY TOURIST AFFAIR
ACT II
Caper in the Castle
AN HOUR LATER, TWO CHILLED FIGURES STIR ON THE DANK DUNGEON FLOOR...
I SAY, WE SHOULD HAVE HAD MR. WAVERLY BOOK US IN ONE OF THEIR BETTER ROOMS!
MARK, CAN YOU MOVE YOUR ARMS? WHAT'S HOLDING MINE?
A BEAM OF LIGHT... MUST BE SOME SORT OF ELECTRONIC IMPULSE THAT HAS OUR HANDS PINNED!
YOU CAN IMAGINE THE LITTLE GIMMICKS HE HAS AROUND TO MAKE PEOPLE TALK!
MEANWHILE, AT THE INN...
OH, DEAR, I FORGOT MY UMBRELLA AGAIN! I MUST HAVE LEFT IT BACK AT THAT CRAZY CASTLE!
MAY I ACCOMPANY YOU, MRS. BEAMISH? I'M GETTING WORRIED ABOUT OUR GUIDE AND DRIVER!

YES, THEY CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN ABSENT A LONG TIME!
WE'LL MAKE DISCREET INQUIRIES AT THE CASTLE! HERE'S A TAXI!
SOON...
WHERE IS YOUR LOST AND FOUND?
BY THE CLOAK-ROOM, MADAM!
I LEFT MY UMBRELLA BEHIND!
WOULD THIS BE IT, MADAM?
MINUTES LATER...
NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MISS DANCER OR MR. —
QUICKLY. OVER HERE!
JUST WHERE ARE WE?
LISTEN! YOU CAN HEAR THE POWER GENERATOR HUMMING AHEAD! I FELT ITS VIBRATIONS THROUGH THE DOOR! IF WE BLACK OUT THIS CASTLE, WE CAN SEARCH FOR OUR FRIENDS IN THE CONFUSION!

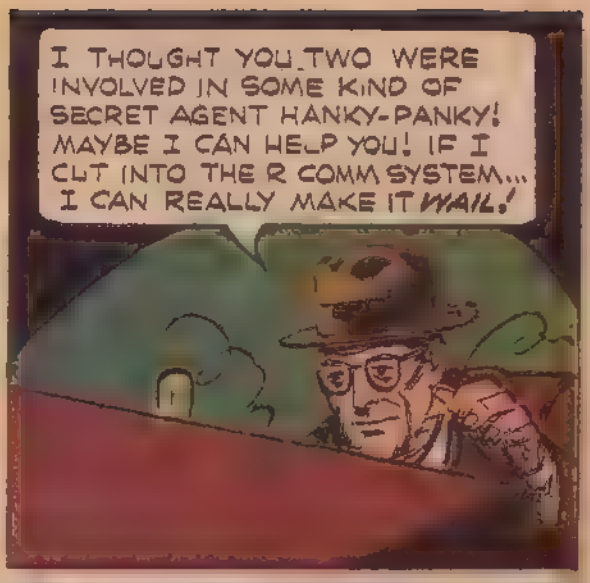

BUT IF IT'S DARK...
I ALWAYS CARRY A FLASHLIGHT! A HANGOVER FROM MY TV REPAIR DAYS WHEN I KEPT BLOWING HOUSE FUSES! YOUR UMBRELLA, PLEASE!
AND AS MR. WIRE DROPS THE METAL-SHAFTED UMBRELLA...
AH! THAT WORKED NICELY!
MARK, ARE THEY TURNING OFF OUR ONLY LIGHT?
THAT OR LUDWIG LUDWIG FORGOT TO PAY HIS ELECTRIC BILL!
ONE THING, OUR ELECTRIC HANDCUFFS ARE OFF!
GOOD SHOW! HEAD FOR THE CELL DOOR! I'LL BET IT WORKS BY AN ELECTRIC LOCK, TOO!
YOU'RE RIGHT...
SHH! RUNNING STEPS! SOME CHAP'S COMING!

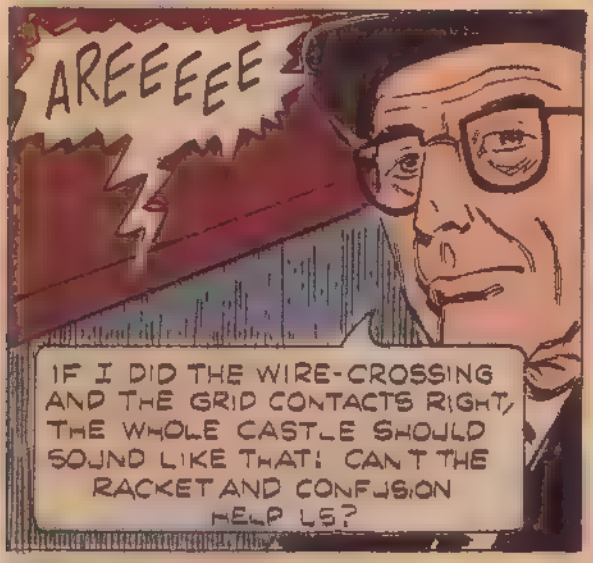
H-HEY!
MR. WAVERLY WOULD BE SO PROUD OF YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU...
JUST HOPE THE OTHER CHAP COMING ISN'T A MIDGET!
OWW!
OH-OH. OUR ACT SEEMS TO HAVE GOT US INTO THE SPOTLIGHT!

MR. WIRE! MRS. BEAMISH, BUT HOW...
MRS. BEAMISH CAME TO GET THE UMBRELLA SHE LEFT BEHIND! I THOUGHT SHORTING THE CASTLE POWER MIGHT HELP GIVE US A CHANCE TO FIND YOU TWO!
THIS WAY! WE CAN TRY TO GET OUT A BACK PASSAGEWAY!
WAIT (PUFF-PUFF) FOR ME...
CERTAINLY! WE WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT YOU OR YOUR UMBRELLA!
LIGHTS ARE ON AGA.N!
THAT DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH MORE TIME TO GET OUT NOW!
HALT!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE JUST PLANNED TO STOP FOR A BREATHER!


IN HERE! HERE, YOU WILL WAIT FOR LUDWIG LUDWIG!
HOPE SOMETHING INTERESTING IS ON TV WHILE WE WAIT!
AS THE DOOR IS LOCKED BEHIND THEM...
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW! THE SET DOESN'T WORK!
FORTUNATELY, MRS. BEAMISH, I AM HERE! ORDINARILY, I'D RECOMMEND A NEW PICTURE TUBE AND SHOP OVERHAUL!
ACTUALLY, THIS SET *DOES* NEED A NEW PICTURE TUBE! BUT MAYBE I CAN FIX THE SOUND SO WE CAN HEAR SOMETHING WHILE WE WAIT!
MAP CO-ORDINATES FOR THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT... R-2, 7-F!
I SAY, WE SEEM TO BE PICKING UP THE ALLIED MANEUVER FREQUENCY.
NO! WE'RE PICKING UP SOME *INTERFERENCE* SIGNAL BEING SENT OUT FROM *THIS CASTLE!* I'VE CUT INTO THE CASTLE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM!
LOAD ALL GUNS WITH HEAVY SMOKE SHELLS!

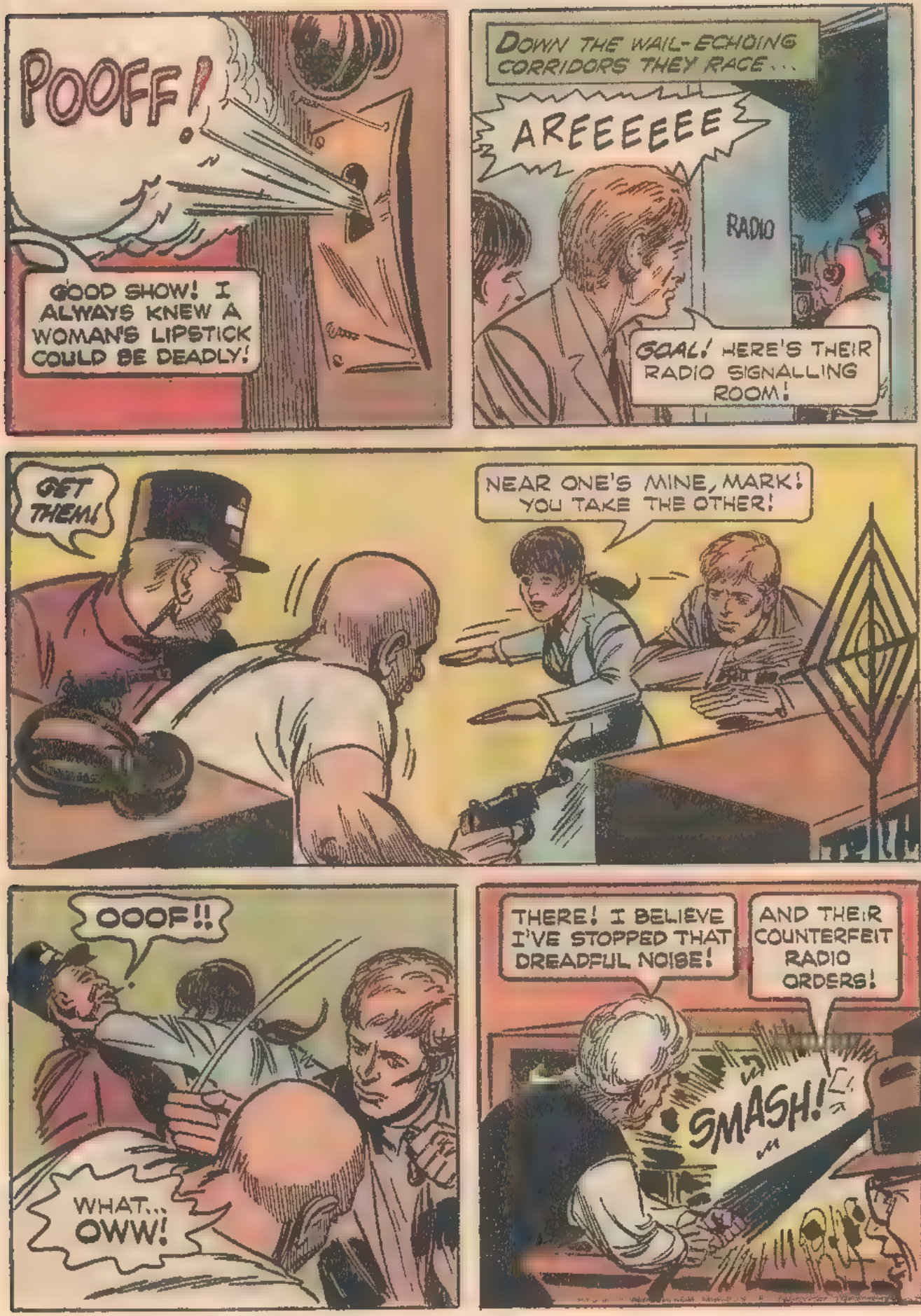
THEN WE *HAVE* FOUND THE SOURCE OF THE MISLEAD NG MANEUVER ORDERS!
YES, BUT WE CAN'T DO MUCH WITH THAT KNOWLEGE NOW, CAN WE?

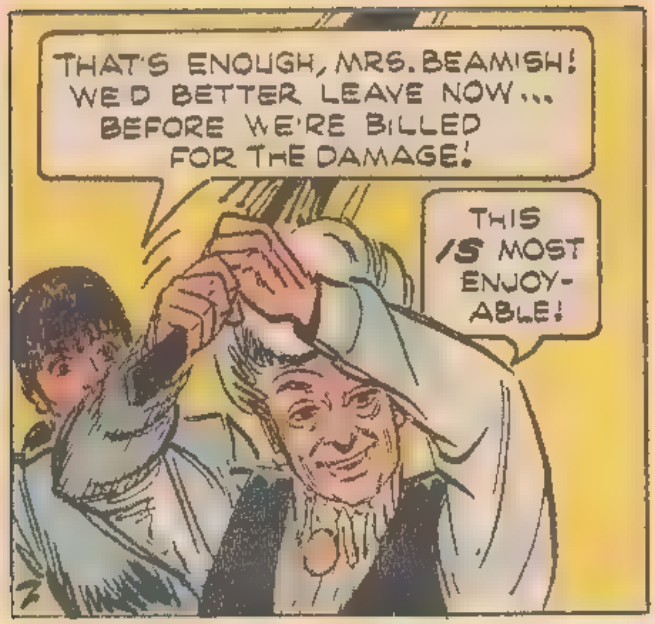

I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE INVOLVED IN SOME KIND OF SECRET AGENT HANKY-PANKY! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU! IF I CUT INTO THE R COMM SYSTEM... I CAN REALLY MAKE IT *WAIL!*


AREEEEE
IF I DID THE WIRE-CROSSING AND THE GRID CONTACTS RIGHT, THE WHOLE CASTLE SHOULD SOUND LIKE THAT! CAN'T THE RACKET AND CONFUSION HELP US?

AREEEEEEEEEEEEE
BACK INTO THE BUS! LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS NUT HOUSE BEFORE OUR EARDRUMS BURST!

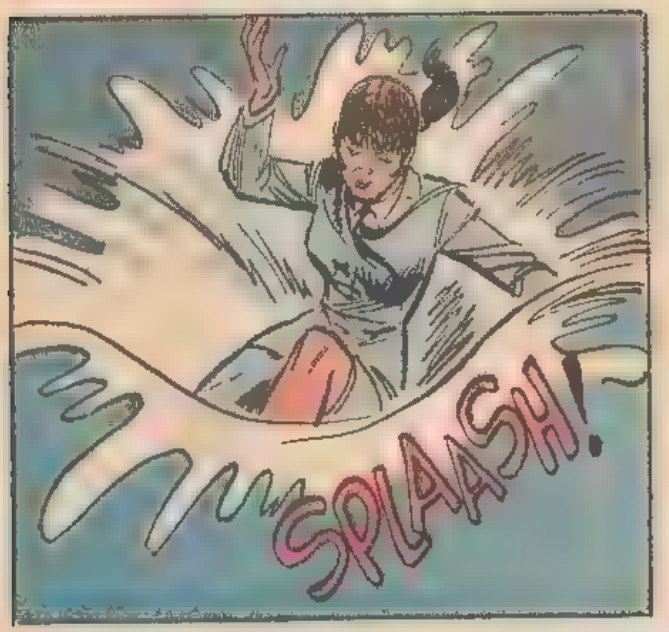
AREEEE
... WITH ALL THIS WAILING, THEY SHOULDN'T HEAR MY LIPSTICK-BOMB GO OFF!... LET'S SEE IF WE CAN *BLOW THE DOOR LOCK!*

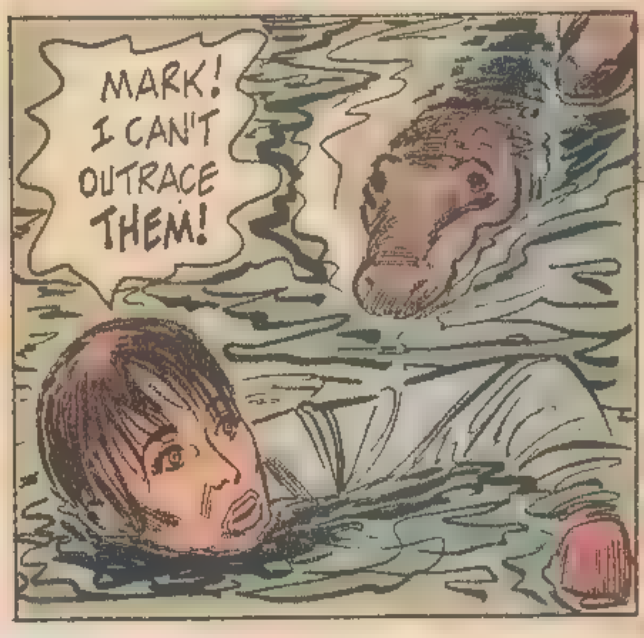

POOFF!
GOOD SHOW! I ALWAYS KNEW A WOMAN'S LIPSTICK COULD BE DEADLY!
DOWN THE WAIL-ECHOING CORRIDORS THEY RACE...
AREEEEEEE
RADIO
GOAL! HERE'S THEIR RADIO SIGNALLING ROOM!
GET THEM!
NEAR ONE'S MINE, MARK! YOU TAKE THE OTHER!
OOOF!!
WHAT... OWW!
THERE! I BELIEVE I'VE STOPPED THAT DREADFUL NOISE!
AND THEIR COUNTERFEIT RADIO ORDERS!
SMASH!

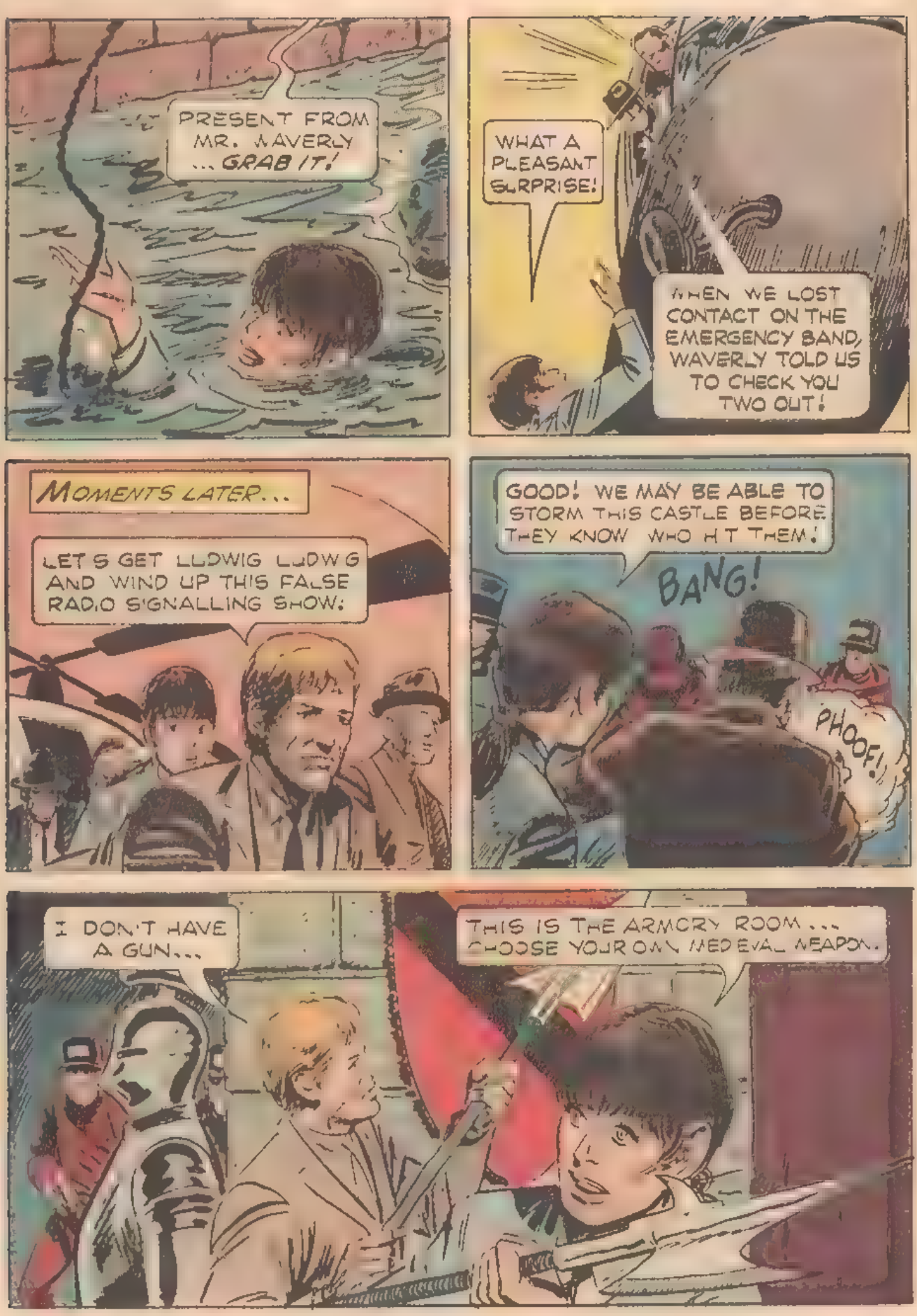

THAT'S ENOUGH, MRS. BEAMISH! WE'D BETTER LEAVE NOW... BEFORE WE'RE BILLED FOR THE DAMAGE!
THIS IS MOST ENJOY-ABLE!

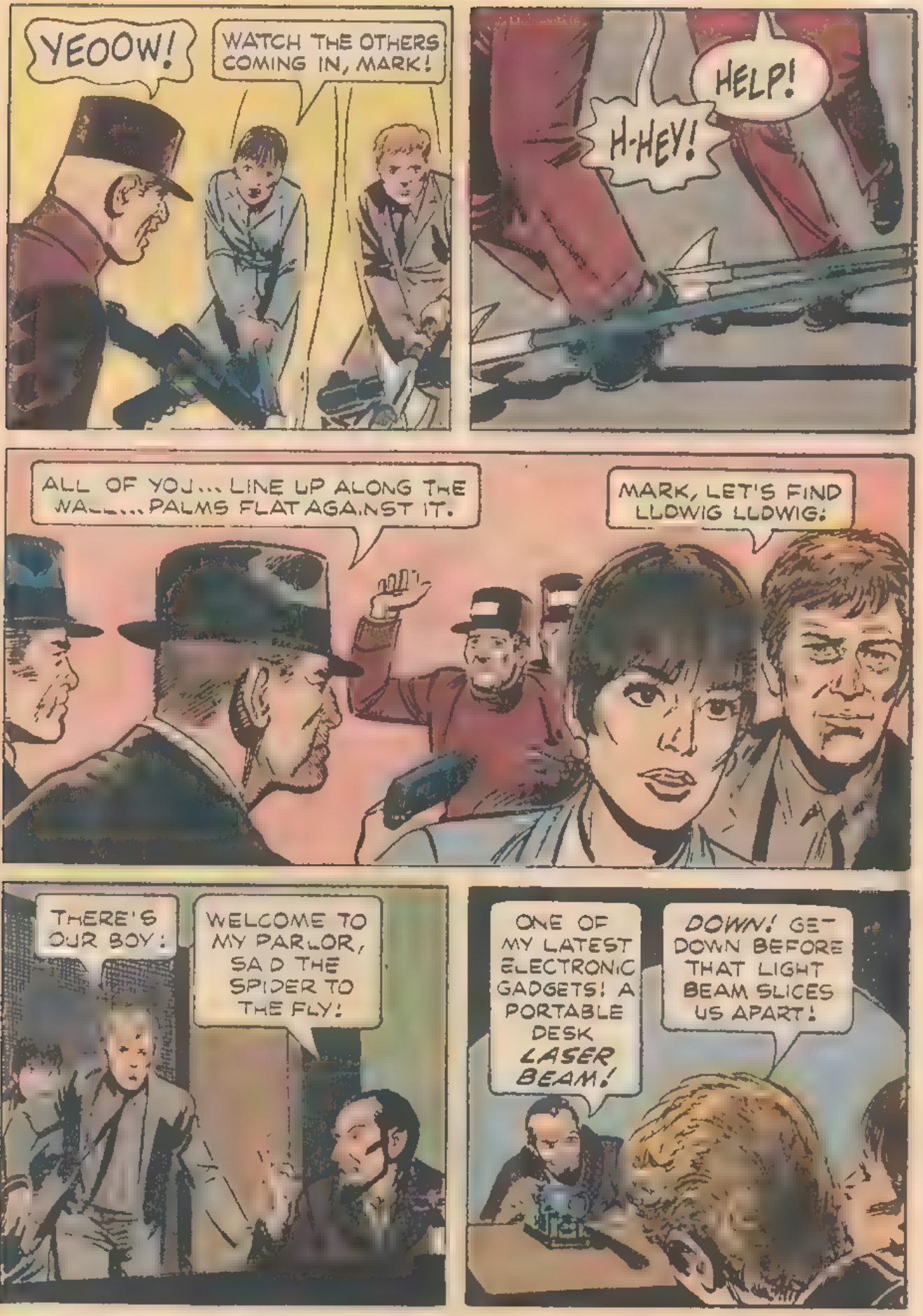
AS THE TOURISTS ALL DEPART, FOUR FINAL FIGURES RACE ACROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE...
CAREFUL! THEY'RE RAISING THE RUDDY BRIDGE.

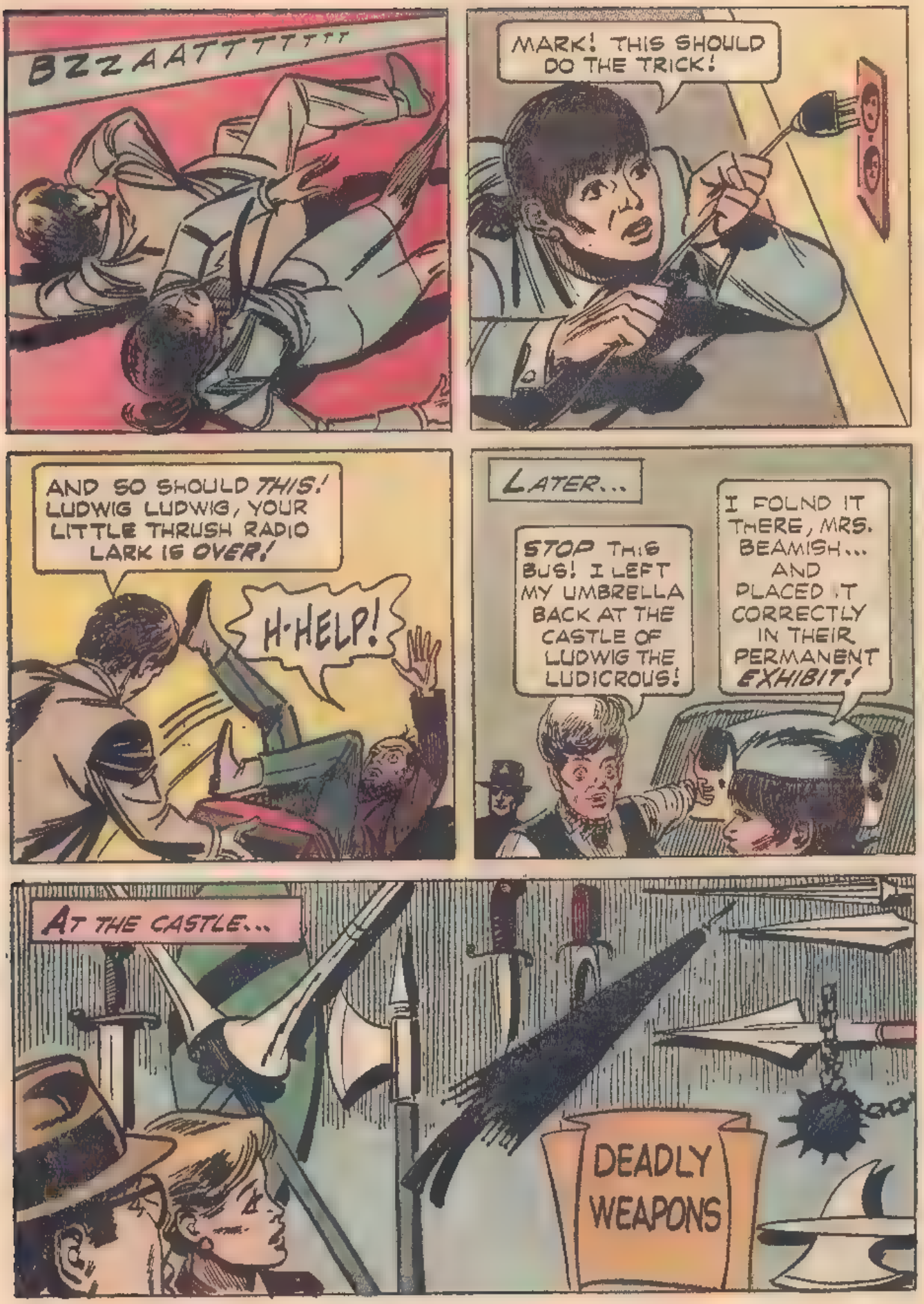
HURRY, APRIL, JUMP!


SPLAASH!


MARK! I CAN'T OUTRACE THEM!


PRESENT FROM MR. WAVERLY ...GRAB IT!
WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!
WHEN WE LOST CONTACT ON THE EMERGENCY BAND, WAVERLY TOLD US TO CHECK YOU TWO OUT!
MOMENTS LATER...
LET'S GET LUDWIG LUDWIG AND WIND UP THIS FALSE RADIO SIGNALLING SHOW!
GOOD! WE MAY BE ABLE TO STORM THIS CASTLE BEFORE THEY KNOW WHO HIT THEM!
BANG!
PHOOF!
I DON'T HAVE A GUN...
THIS IS THE ARMORY ROOM... CHOOSE YOUR OWN MEDIEVAL WEAPON.


YEOOW!
WATCH THE OTHERS COMING IN, MARK!
H-HEY!
HELP!
ALL OF YOU... LINE UP ALONG THE WALL... PALMS FLAT AGAINST IT.
MARK, LET'S FIND LLDWIG LLDWIG!
THERE'S OUR BOY!
WELCOME TO MY PARLOR, SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY!
ONE OF MY LATEST ELECTRONIC GADGETS! A PORTABLE DESK LASER BEAM!
DOWN! GET DOWN BEFORE THAT LIGHT BEAM SLICES US APART!


BZZAATTTTTTT
MARK! THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
AND SO SHOULD THIS! LUDWIG LUDWIG, YOUR LITTLE THRUSH RADIO LARK IS OVER!
H-HELP!
LATER...
STOP THIS BUS! I LEFT MY UMBRELLA BACK AT THE CASTLE OF LUDWIG THE LUDICROUS!
I FOUND IT THERE, MRS. BEAMISH... AND PLACED IT CORRECTLY IN THEIR PERMANENT EXHIBIT!
AT THE CASTLE...
DEADLY WEAPONS

CHUCKLE TIME

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picture dictionary

M THE MAGNETIC POLE

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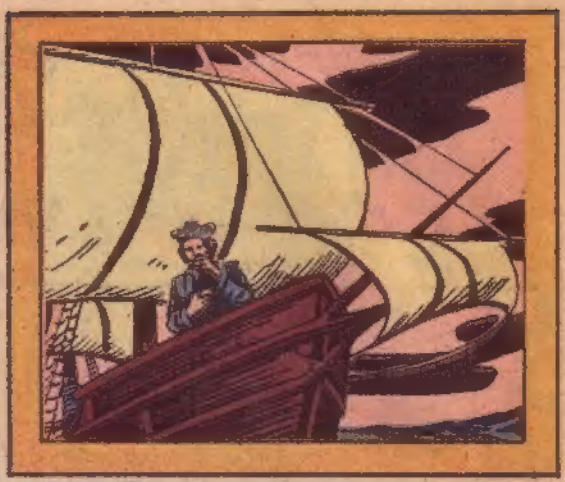
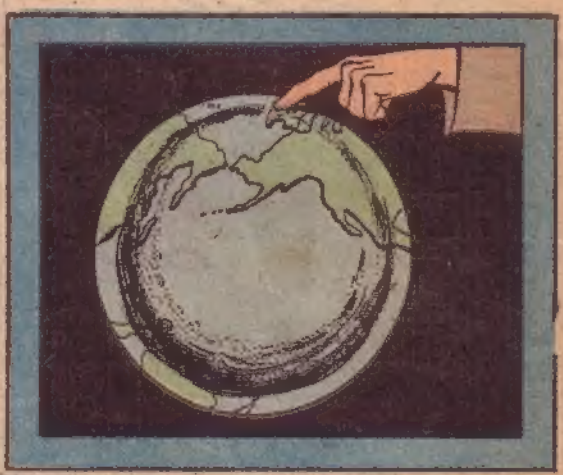
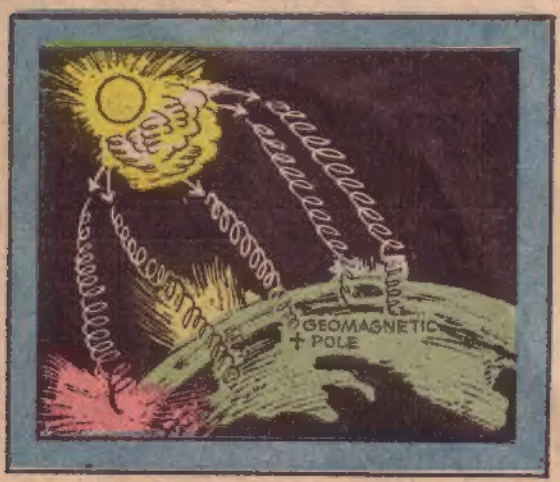


Early explorers noticed that compass readings did not point true north, varying up to 40° west off Greenland.

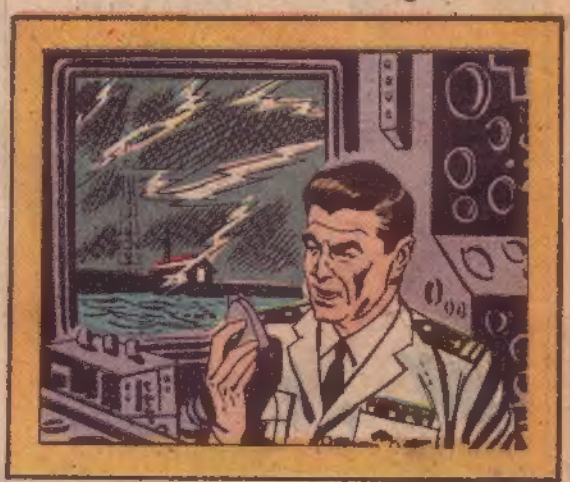
In 1600, William Gilbert of England studied these compass deviations, using a lodestone model of Earth.



The magnetic pole shifts constantly. In 1580 it was 10° east of true north. In 1945 it was 76° N. lat., 102° W. long.



Solar flares bombard Earth's magnetic field with atomic particles. Ionizing atmospheric gases, they create the aurora.



Solar flares create magnetic storms, distorting the magnetic fields and upsetting radio and telegraph communications.

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

THE MOUSE

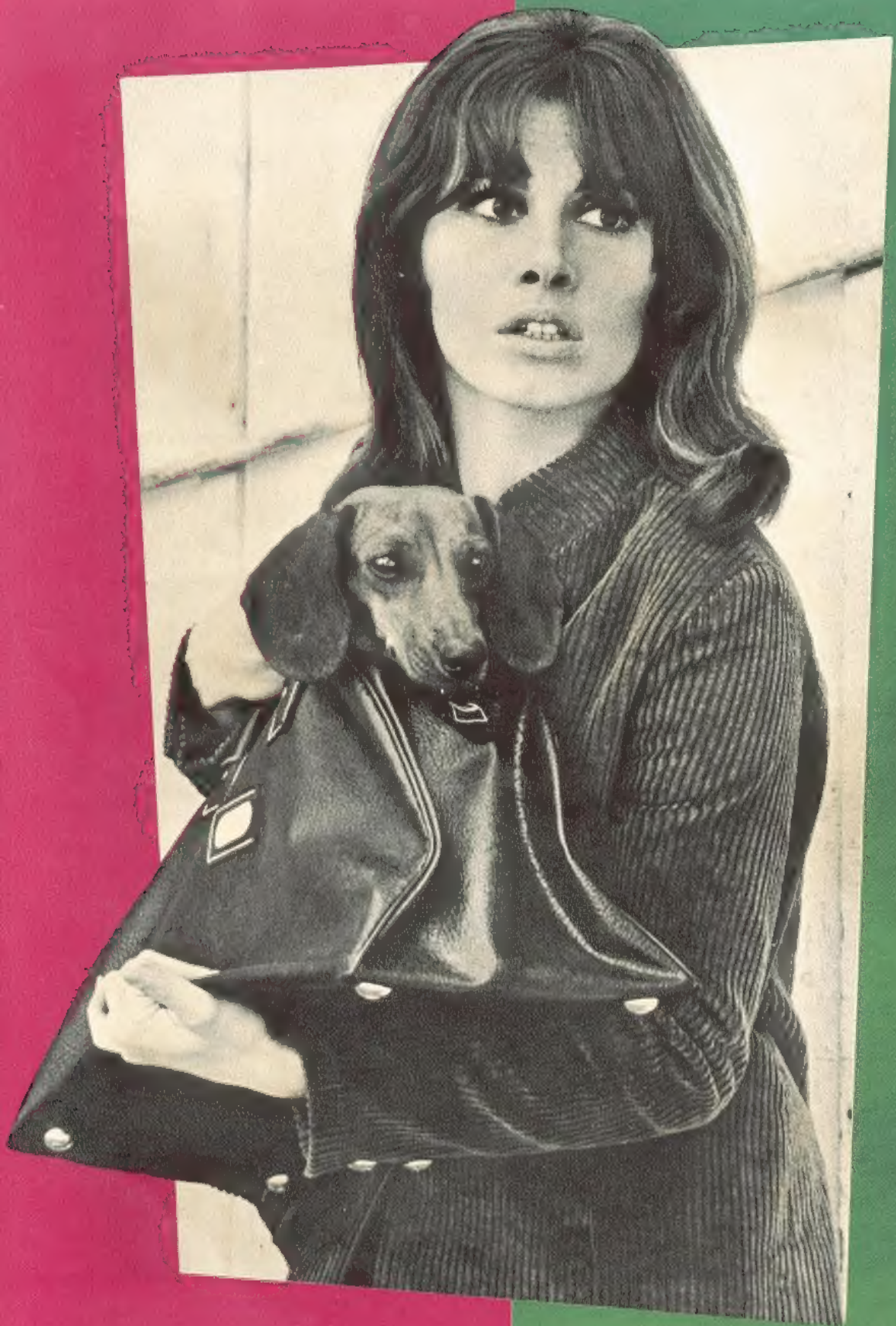
During World War II, as London was blasted by buzz-bombs, the British learned the Nazis planned a new terror weapon.

Many spies were sent to Peenemunde, the base at which the secret weapon was being designed. The spies were captured.

Desperately they turned to a French agent known as "The Mouse," because her recognition signal was a mouse-like scratching.

The Mouse met a Vichy-French construction engineer who worked at the Peenemunde base. He knew the weapon's design.

The engineer drew the design from memory. It was the V-2 rocket which might have won the war for Nazi Germany.



THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. PIN-UP